

# Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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## SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invaded the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, county judge and eccentric recluse, following a veiled woman who had gained entrance through the gates of the high double barriers surrounding the place. The woman had disappeared but the judge is found in a cataleptic state. Rea, his servant, appears in a dying condition and prevents entrance to a secret door. Rea dies. The judge awakes. Miss Weeks explains to him what has occurred during his seizure. He secretly discovers the whereabouts of the veiled woman. She proves to be the widow of a man tried before the judge and electrocuted for murder years before. Her daughter is engaged to the judge's son, from whom he is estranged, but the murder is between the lovers. She plans to clear her husband's memory and asks the judge's aid. Alone in her room Deborah Scoville reads the newspaper clipping telling the story of the murder of Abraham Etheridge by John Scoville in 1846. Twelve years before. The judge and Mrs. Scoville meet at Spencer's folly and she shows him how on the day of the murder, she saw the shadow of a man, wearing a stick and wearing a long peaked cap, like her husband's. Until long afterward she did not know that her husband had not worn that cap on the fatal day. The judge engages her and her daughter Rea to live with him in his mysterious home.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A Bit of Steel.

"When are you going to Judge Ostrander's?"

"Tomorrow. This is my last free day. So if there is anything for me to do, do tell me, Mr. Black, and let me get to work at once."

"There is nothing you can do. The matter is hopeless. I told you so the other night, and now, after a couple of days of thought on the subject, I am obliged to repeat my assertion. Your own convictions in the matter, and your story of the shadow and the peaked cap may appeal to the public and assure you some sympathy, but for an entire reversal of its opinion you will need substantial and incontrovertible evidence. Find me something definite to go upon and we will talk."

Doubtfully she eyed him. "What you want," she observed at length, with a sigh, "is the name of the man who sauntered down the ravine ahead of my husband. I cannot give it to you now, but I do not despair of learning it. I have got to renew old acquaintances; revive old gossip; possibly, recall to life almost obliterated memories."

Mr. Black, dropping his hand from his vest, gave her his first look of unqualified admiration.

"You ring true," said he. "I have met men qualified to lead a forlorn hope; but never before a woman. Allow me to express my regret that it is such a forlorn one."

Mrs. Scoville rose. Then she sat down again, with the remark:

"I have a strange notion. It's a hard thing to explain and you may not understand me, but I should like to see, if it still exists, the stick—my husband's stick—with which this crime was committed. Do the police retain such things? Is there any possibility of my finding it laid away in some drawer at headquarters or on some dusty shelf?"

Mr. Black was again astonished. Was this callousness or a very deep and determined purpose.

"You shall see the stick if it is still to be found. I will take you to police headquarters if you will go heavily veiled. We don't want any recognition of you there yet."

"Mr. Black, you are very good. How soon—"

"Now," he announced, jumping up to get his hat.

There was one little fact of which Mr. Black was ignorant—that the police had had their eye on the veiled lady at Claymore inn for several days now and knew who his companion was the instant they stepped into headquarters. In vain his plausible excuses for showing his lady friend the curiosities of the place; her interest in the details of criminology was well understood by Sergeant Doolittle. Therefore, when he saw the small, mocking eye of the lawyer begin to roam over the shelves, and beheld his jaw drop as it sometimes did when he sought to veil his purpose in an air of mild preoccupation, he knew what the next request would be, as well as if the low sounds which left Mr. Black's lips at intervals had been words instead of inarticulate grunts. He was, therefore, prepared when the question did come.

"Any memorial of the Etheridge case?"

"Nothing but a stick with blood-marks on it. That, I'm afraid, wouldn't be a very agreeable sight for a lady's eye."

## COMETS AND SOLAR SYSTEM

New Suggestion Has Stirred Up Scientists—Existence of Gaseous Masses Now Believed.

It is suggested that some of the striking changes manifested by certain comets in executing their orbits are due to the fact that they encounter masses of gas in interplanetary space, and that they are not moving in a vacuum, says a writer in the Scientific American. If there are such

"She's proof," the lawyer whispered in the officer's ear. "Let's see the stick."

The sergeant considered this a very interesting experience—quite a jolly break in the dull monotony of the day. Hunting up the stick, he laid it in the lawyer's hands, and then turned his eye upon the lady.

She had gone pale, but it took her but an instant to regain her equanimity and hold out her own hand for the weapon.

And so the three stood there, the men's faces ironic, inquisitive, wondering at the woman's phlegm if not at her motive; hers, hidden behind her veil, bent forward over the weapon in an attitude of devouring interest. Thus for a long, slow minute; then she impulsively raised her head and, beckoning the two men nearer, she directed attention to a splintered portion of the handle and asked them what they saw there.

"Nothing; just stick," declared the sergeant. "The marks you are looking for are higher up."

"And you, Mr. Black?"

He saw nothing either but stick. But he was little less abrupt in his answer. "Do you mean those roughnesses?" he asked. "That's where the stick was whittled. You remember that he had been whittling at the stick—"

"Who?"

The word shot from her lips so violently that for a moment both men looked staggered by it. Then Mr. Black, with unaccustomed forbearance, answered gently enough:

"Why, Scoville, madam; or so the prosecution congratulated itself upon having proved to the jury's satisfaction. It did not tally with Scoville's story or with common sense I know. You remember—pardon me—I mean that any one who read a report of the case, will remember how I handled the matter in my speech. But the prej-



She Had Gone Pale.

udice in favor of the prosecution—I will not say against the defense—was too much for me, and common sense, the defendant's declarations, and my eloquence all went for nothing."

"Of course they produced the knife?"

"Was it a new knife, a whole one, I mean, with all its blades sharp and in good order?"

"Yes, I can say that. I handled it several times."

"Then, whose blade left that?" And again she pointed to the same place on the stick where her finger had fallen before.

"I don't know what you mean." The sergeant looked puzzled. Perhaps, his eyesight was not very keen.

"Have you a magnifying glass? There is something embedded in this wood. Try and find out what it is."

The sergeant, with a queer look at Mr. Black, who returned it "with interest," went for a glass, and when he had used it, the stare he gave the heavily veiled woman drove Mr. Black to reach out his own hand for the glass.

"Well," he burst forth, after a prolonged scrutiny, "there is something there."

"The point of a knife blade. The extreme point," she emphasized. "It might easily escape the observation

gaseous masses, then in view of the inclinations and extent of their orbits comets are peculiarly fitted to act as explorers, and there is every probability that they will sooner or later encounter such masses. The planet moves in a narrow zone near the plane of the ecliptic, while the inclination of the cometary orbits is sometimes considerable, varying from the periodic comets from three degrees to 162 degrees. As a consequence, comets attain regions of the solar system, where no other bodies penetrate. Many phe-

even of the most critical, without such aid as is given by this glass."

"No one thought of using a magnifying glass on this," blurted out the sergeant. "The marks made by the knife were plain enough for all to see, and that was all which seemed important."

Mr. Black said nothing; he was feeling a trifle cheap—something which did not agree with his crusty nature. Not having seen Mrs. Scoville for a half-hour without her veil, her influence over him was on the wane, and he began to regret that he had laid himself open to this humiliation.

She saw that it would be left for her to wind up the interview and get out of the place without arousing too much attention. With a self-possession which astonished both men, knowing her immense interest in this matter, she laid down the stick, and, with a gentle shrug of her shoulders, remarked in an easy tone:

"Well, it's curious! The ins and outs of a crime, I mean. Such a discovery ten years after the event (I think you said ten years) is very interesting." Then she sighed: "Alas! it's too late to benefit the one whose life it might have saved. Mr. Black, shall we be going? I have spent a most entertaining quarter of an hour."

Mr. Black glanced from her to the sergeant before he joined her. Then, with one of his sour smiles directed towards the former, he said:

"I wouldn't be talking about this, sergeant. It will do no good, and may subject us to ridicule."

The sergeant, none too well pleased, nodded slightly. Seeing which, she spoke up:

"I don't know about that, I should think it but proper reparation to the dead to let it be known that his own story of innocence has received this late confirmation."

But the lawyer continued to shake his head, with a very sharp look at the sergeant. If he could have his way he would have this matter stop just where it was.

"This is my daughter, Judge Ostrander; Reuther, this is the judge."

The introduction took place at the outer gates whither the judge had gone to receive them.

Reuther threw aside her veil and looked up into the face bent courteously towards her. It had no look of Oliver. They were fine eyes notwithstanding, piercing by nature, but just now misty with a feeling that took away all her fear. He was going to like her; she saw it in every trembling line of his countenance, and at the thought a smile rose to her lips.

With a courteous gesture he invited them in, but stopping to lock one gate before leading them through the other, Mrs. Scoville had time to observe that since her last visit with its accompanying inroad of the populace, the two openings which at this point gave access to the walk between the fences had been closed up with boards so rude and dingy that they must have come from some old lumber pile in attic or cellar.

The judge detected her looking at them.

"I have cut off my nightly promenade," said he. "With youth in the house, more cheerful habits must prevail. Tomorrow I shall have my lawn cut, and if I must walk after sundown I will walk there."

The two women exchanged glances. Perhaps their gloomy anticipations were not going to be realized.

But once within the house, the judge showed embarrassment.

"I have few comforts to offer," said he, opening a door at his right and then hastily closing it again. "This part of the house is, as you see, completely dismantled and not—very clean. But you shall have carte blanche to arrange to your liking one of these rooms for your sitting room and parlor. There is furniture in the attic and you may buy freely whatever else is necessary. I don't want to discourage little Reuther. As for your bedrooms—" He stopped, hemmed a little and flushed a vivid red as he pointed up the dingy flight of uncarpeted stairs towards which he led them. "They are above; but it is with shame I admit that I have not gone above this floor for many years. Consequently, I don't know how it looks up there or whether you can even find towels and things. Have I counted too much on your good nature?"

"No; not at all. In fact, you simply arouse all the housekeeping instincts within me."

The judge drew a breath of relief and led Reuther towards a door at the end of the hall.

"This is the way to the dining room and kitchen," he explained. "I have been accustomed to having my meals served in my own room, but after this I shall join you at table. Here," he continued, leading her up to the iron door, "is the entrance to my den. You may knock here if you want me. But there is a curtain beyond, which no one lifts but myself. You understand, my dear, and will excuse an old man's eccentricities?"

She smiled, rejoicing only in the caressing voice, and in the yearning,

nomena seem to receive a satisfactory explanation if the existence of gaseous masses scattered through the solar system be admitted. These gaseous masses, probably of different chemical constitution, may be considered as the residue of the initial nebula, having escaped the phenomena of combustion which gave rise to the other members of the solar system.

Cities With Nine Lives.

The teaching of history is that a city is hard to kill. For instance,

almost fatherly, manner with which he surveyed her.

"I quite understand," she said; "and so will mother."

"Reuther," he now observed with a strange intermixture of gentleness and authority, "there is one thing I wish to say to you at the very start. I may grow to love you—God knows that a little affection would be a welcome change in my life—but I want you to know and know now, that all the love in the world will not change my decision as to the impropriety of a match between you and my son Oliver. That settled, there is no reason why all should not be clear between us."

"All is clear."

Faint and far off the words sounded, though she was standing so near he could have laid his hand on her shoulder. Then she gave one sob as though in saying this she heard the last cold fall upon what would never see resurrection again in this life, and, lifting



"What a Father Can Do, I Will Do for You."

her head, looked him straight in the eye with a decision and a sweetness which bowed his spirit and caused his head in turn to fall upon his breast.

"What a father can do for a child, I will do for you," he murmured, and led her back to her mother.

A week, and Deborah Scoville had evolved a home out of chaos. That is, within limits. She had not entered the judge's rooms, nor even offered to do so. Later, there must be a change. So particular a man as the judge would soon find himself too uncomfortable to endure the lack of those attentions which he had been used to in Rea's day. He had not even asked for clean sheets, and sometimes she had found herself wondering, with a strange shrinking of her heart, if his bed was ever made, or whether he had not been driven at times to lie down in his clothes.

She had some reason for these doubtful conclusions. In her ramblings through the house she had come upon Rea's room. It was in a loft over the kitchen and she had been much amazed at its condition. In some respects it looked as decent as she could expect, but in the matter of bed and bed clothes it presented an aspect somewhat startling. The clothes were there, tossed in a heap on the floor, but there was no bed in sight nor anything which could have served as such.

It had been dragged out. Evidences of this were everywhere on the narrow, twisted staircase. A smile, half pitiful, half self-scorful, curved her lips as she remembered the rat-tat-tat she had heard on that dismal night when she clung listening to the fence, and wondered now if it had not been the bumping of this cot sliding from step to step.

But no! the repeated strokes of a hammer is unmistakable. He had played the carpenter that night as well as the mover, and with no visible results. Mystery still reigned in the house for all the charm and order she had brought into it; a mystery which deeply interested her, and which she yet hoped to solve, notwithstanding its remoteness from the real problem of her existence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Picture.

Night! and Deborah Scoville waiting anxiously for Reuther to sleep, that she might brood undisturbed over a new and disturbing event which for the whole day had shaken her out of her wonted poise, and given, as it were, a new phase to her life in this house. (TO BE CONTINUED)

The cigarette habit is growing to an alarming extent among the women of the better class at Ottawa, Canada.

London has been decimated five times by plagues, in addition to visitations of typhus, cholera and other epidemics. She has been burned more or less several times. Paris has gone through eight sieges, ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it. Rome has been swept by pestilence no fewer than ten times. She has been twice burned and six times driven to submission by starvation. Constantinople has been burned out nine times and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges.

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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## LESSON FOR DECEMBER 19

### FALL AND CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL.

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 17:7, 14, 18

GOLDEN TEXT—He that after being reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed.—Prov. 29:1.

In the sweep of our six years' cycle of study we prefer to consider this lesson first and use the Christmas story (Luke 2:1-20) to illustrate the love of God which Israel (the last ten tribes) so basely outraged ere it passed into oblivion.

I. The Stiff-Necked People, vv. 6-13. The fact (v. 6) of Israel's captivity has always appealed to the interest and the imaginations of men. The cause of the captivity was threefold (1) They "had sinned" (v. 7). It was not a single offense but a course of action which was performed (a) openly, "walked" (v. 8). For 215 years following, Solomon's reign they had been openly idolatrous and trespassed upon God's grace. (b) "Secretly" (v. 9). Hosea's reign was the same as that of his 18 predecessors. Doubtless he was a good diplomat and politician, though his vacillation between Egypt and Assyria brought ruin, but in God's sight the secret acts and practices of the people were open and known (Ps. 139:1-12; Heb. 5:13). Many today do in secret things "that were (are) not right." A clearer line of demarcation between the church and the world is sadly needed. (2) They were consecrated to evil (vv. 10, 11). To cover our sins is not to prosper (Prov. 28:13), but if we confess our sins God's Son will cover them by the forgiveness of his atonement (Ps. 32:1-5; I John 1:9). Israel cared not, however, for his forgiveness, despite the fact it was he that "brought them up out of the land of Egypt." It is passing strange that Israel should so fully violate the express commands of God (Lev. 26:1; Deut. 26:21; Ex. 20:3-5, etc.). Some claim they did not possess the law, it being of a later date, a self-evidently foolish proposition, but even so, how can men of our time violate so many of the plain precepts of the word of God? Does this prove that the Bible does not exist? The answer to this query is a sufficient answer to the destructive critics. Israel "sets up idols" (v. 10) and "burnt sacrifice" (see Deut. 12:31) which things they did "to provoke the Lord to anger." (3) They abandoned themselves to evil. As though to remove all possibility of reformation they not alone "served idols" (v. 12) but "they sold themselves to do that which was evil" (v. 17).

II. The Sovereign God, vv. 14-18. God's character and will had been fully set before the nation (Ex. 20:3-6). Repeated warnings (v. 13) had been given by faithful prophets, also repeated forgivings, yet Israel is (1) willful, they "would not hear" (v. 14), but deliberately followed in their fathers' footsteps. (2) Proud and vain (vv. 14, 15) and (3) utterly abandoned (v. 17), and hence must receive the judgment of God's righteous anger (see Ex. 20), or else God is not righteous. He repeatedly sought to turn them aside, but they slew his faithful prophets (Matt. 21:33-39). God is calling in mercy with long suffering in this present evil age; unbefitting in God and his word is still prevalent; skepticism and loose morals everywhere abound, and shall God go on and call forever? (Prov. 29:1; I Pet. 3:9-10).

III. The Savior of Men, Luke 2:1-20. God's love for Israel was manifest (made plain) through his loving acts and the messages of warning proclaimed by his prophets. But we have a more marvelous revelation of his love in the person of his Son whose birthday we are about to observe. Samaria lost its "crown of pride," but we may receive a crown of righteousness as the "sons of God" (John 1:12; II Tim. 4:8), but not so unless we obey (John 14:23) his word. Let us therefore take up the angelic praise (1) "Glory to God in the highest," highest heavens, highest degree and quality of praise of him who is infinitely wise and loving. (2) "On earth peace" with God, with man, in the individual heart and among the nations. Peace of conscience because of sins forgiven, in fact, all blessings, happiness and prosperity because of peace due to victory over sin which is the destroyer of peace. (3) "Good will toward men," those with whom God is well pleased, and God has good will only toward all men. He loved sinful Israel and he loves us so that he "gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth need not perish but have everlasting life." Even as the shepherds "found" the Savior (v. 16) so may all men who truly seek him (Heb. 11:6; Luke 19:10).

What better can we do on Christmas Sunday than openly to give God our best gift, our hearts' supreme love and devotion in return for his greatest gift to men? Let us remember that to ignore grace will not set aside nor violate the judgment of sin.

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THE VERY TIME

When Powerful Food Is Most Needed.

The need of delicate yet nutritious food is never felt so keenly as when a convalescent gets a set back on account of weak stomach. Then is when Grape-Nuts shows its power for it is a most scientific and easily digested food.

"About a year ago," writes a Kansas woman, "my little six-year-old niece left the invigorating and buoyant air of Kansas, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in Ohio. She naturally had a change of diet and of course a change of water, and somehow she contracted typhoid fever."

"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, in trying to get something delicate and nourishing that she could eat, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food and it turned out to be just the thing."

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings and began to gain strength so rapidly that in a short time she was as well, playful and robust as if she had never been ill."

"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominating factor in saving the sweet little girl's life."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## Mistaken Diagnosis—Doctors Guess Wrong Again

About five years ago I wrote to you that I had been a terrible sufferer from kidney and bladder troubles, and that my physician informed me that my left kidney was in such condition that there was no hope for my recovery. I was advised to try your Swamp-Root as a last resort, and after taking four fifty-cent size bottles, I passed a gravel stone which weighed ten grains. I afterwards forwarded you this gravel stone. Have had no return of any trouble since that time and cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful preparation, Swamp-Root, which cures, after physicians fail.

Very truly yours,  
F. H. HORNE,  
Route 3, Box 30.

Personally appeared before me, this 31st day of July, 1909, F. H. Horne, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

JAMES M. HALL,  
Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Ungrateful Wretch.

"I'm writing a letter to Aunt Sarah," said wife, "thanking her for the visit she paid us. Do you wish to add anything to it?"

"You might thank her on my behalf," replied hubby, "for not staying any longer than she did."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

The Old Standard Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.—Adv.

Flying Stars.

Officer (furiously)—What the deuce is the matter? Where are your shots going?

Irish Recruit (Nervously)—Sure I dunno, sor; they left 'ere all right!—Passing show.

Not Gray Hair but Tired Eyes

make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Moxie Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your eye. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

She's Agin It.

"Oh, Mrs. Lawn, we want to get your vote for the Village Improvement society's plans. We met Mr. Lawn on the way to the station, and lawn on 'Yes? How did he vote?"

"Why, he's for it with enthusiasm, so we'll book you—"

"You'll book me as against it with enthusiasm. In all the thirty years of our married life my husband and I have never agreed on anything and it's too late to begin now."

Soldiers Want No Children.

I asked Zeni Poskoff, socialist, what his sensations were when he went out to kill. "It didn't seem real, it doesn't now. Before my last charge the lieutenant and I were filled with the beauty of the night. We sat gazing at the stars. Then the command came and we rushed forward. It did not seem possible I was killing human beings." It is the unreality that sustains men. Germans are not human beings—only the enemy. For the wounded French soldier will tell you he loathes war and longs for peace. He fights or one object, permanent peace. He fights to save his children from fighting.

"Have you any children?" I asked one soldier. "No, thank God," is the reply. "But why?" "Because," comes the fierce answer. "If I had a son I would rather he deserted than see what I have seen." The man is not unusual. The soldiers—not the women—are beginning to say: "We will have no more children unless there is no more war."—The New Republic.

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